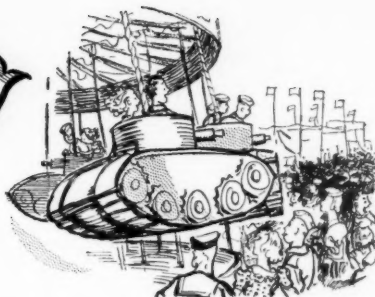


PUNCH

OR THE
LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCI No. 5240

August 13 1941

Charivaria

THE most amazing feature so far of the Russian success against Germany is the fact that one of our military experts actually prophesied it.

Attention is drawn to an American film-actress who has a pet giraffe. That was her idea, of course.

As a precautionary measure against the U.S.A.'s possible entry into the war, it is understood, GOEBBELS has already sunk the greater part of the American Navy.

"HITLER undoubtedly has a small following in parts of South America," says a writer. Following? It's more likely that they have safely outdistanced him.



According to a scientist there are very few things for which the world can't find a use. And even those are used as whist-drive prizes.

A Moscow message says that German soldiers in Russia wonder what they are fighting for. They should write to Herr HITLER enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.



Pamphlets dropped by Soviet airmen on the Eastern Front serve as passes for German soldiers who wish to go over to the Russian side. There may not be a paper shortage in Russia, but surely it would be more economical for each pamphlet to bear the words *Admit bearer and friend*.

A burglar who broke into a tobacconist's shop was surprised by the proprietor, who with great presence of mind sprang on the intruder from under the counter, where he had been checking his stock of cigarettes.

A Parliamentary writer reminds us that the Government has its hands very full these days. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer always seems to find room for more.

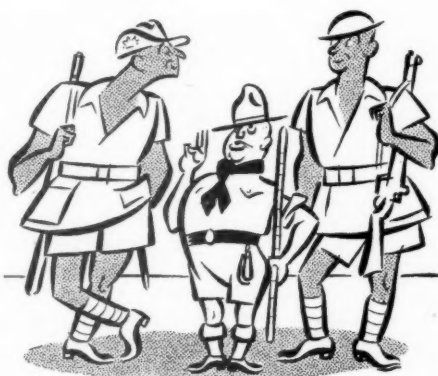
A kangaroo acquired as a mascot by a military unit in Australia escaped from camp and was captured fifty miles away. The exhausted animal was quite out of bounds.

A Thought for To-day

"Perhaps hearts are tenderest of all when stewed."—*Weekly Telegraph*.

More commodities may be controlled by the Government shortly. Still, they were nice while they lasted.

HITLER, according to a psychologist, has lived too long in the past. An oversight we confidently expect to remedy in the near future.



A writer observes that very young people are grandparents nowadays. This has a tendency to make modern grandchildren much older.

Sallies in Our Allies

"FIERCE SALLIES AGAINST NAZIS"
Heading in "*Daily Telegraph*."

We gather from a news item that Signor MUSSOLINI likes to see men in shorts. Well, General WAVELL sent him a few.

Not Versailles

OF all men I admire most those who tell us what is going to happen at the end of this great tribulation. But I admire them rather as I might admire a miniature painter than as I might admire a landscape artist completing his great picture of the World at Judgment Day. They lack inspiration. They have no fire. Mr. Anthony Eden said last week that we must prevent Germany from plunging Europe into a war a sixth time. That was to be our military aim. On the other hand it would be "to Europe's disadvantage that Germany should be economically ruined after the war." Other Members of Parliament (very rightly) anticipated or endorsed these pious sentiments. Myself I doubt whether there will be any economics after the war. I think they will disappear like eggs. But what I chiefly notice in these pronouncements are the words "we" and "Europe." There seems to be a trace of insularity about them. Or of the 1919 mentality. Why "Europe," and who are "we"? Does Mr. Eden really think that in 1950 (or thereabouts) a new Versailles will roll its fountains against the morning star? "A newer and more beautiful Versailles, of course," he would answer. But where would he like to place it, and who are to be the members of the tribunal? I see no reason why the Peace Treaty should be made in Paris or London or Washington or even in the ruins of Berlin; nor can I even guess at the views about Germany and the other bandit powers which may be held by the principal adjudicators.

Already the Russians claim to have inflicted as many casualties on the Germans as they suffered between 1914 and 1918, and the Germans of course claim to have inflicted on the Russians a great many more. But they have only just begun their battle, and their armies keep encircling each other so often that their vanguards, I suspect, are continually overtaking their own camp-followers. China, on the other hand, has been fighting against Japan for four years, and the more often she is beaten the stronger she becomes. These are the important theatres of war. "Victories," said the great military historian Cliché, "are won upon the land, because men do not live permanently in the air or on the sea." You will find his works quoted in nearly all the newspapers.

For this reason I can only make a guess in what part of Eastern Europe or Asia the final Peace Assembly is most likely to be held. But I think it will be Asia. I dismiss Leningrad and Moscow. I repudiate the claims of Odessa, Kiev, and Omsk. I do not even believe that Britannia's right to continue to rule the waves will be decided at Perm, and I have had to work pretty hard—as the ungentle reader will not fail to notice—to get that in. I rather suggest (if Istanbul be waved aside) that the Peace Negotiators will take the golden road to Samarkand or cluster round the Peacock Throne at Teheran, or journey to Peking. Or the buried cities of Cambodia may be hurriedly restored for the meeting-place. Or Xanadu. Or they may gather in the hushed Corasmian waste under the solitary moon, or in right little, tight little Thailand. How can I foretell? But on the whole I rather fancy Peking.

Above the steppes, and the tundras, the ricefields, and the gorges, the air as I see it is dark with plenipotentiary planes. Some of the envoys are merely anxious to abolish capital, and international finance, others to rearrange the atlas as usual. Or stay: Will they be flying at all? Will there be any oil? I see them on second thoughts in litters and caravans, on the bunches of camels, their

dispatch cases burdening the patience of ponies and yaks.

It will be a long journey for a few of the delegates, but I suppose they will be able to sit on chairs, whereas in some of the places I have mentioned, the local custom (for all I know) might compel them to squat on their heels and consume almost interminable glasses of sherbet and sweetmeats before the debate began.

And the judges? Certainly representatives of Great Britain and the United States of America will be there. We have met the worst of the war for many months, and America is harnessing—every schoolboy knows how to finish that sentence. But will either they or we have the principal seats? I do not consider it certain. If I were to choose for myself the final arbiter of Germany's fate I should prefer (remembering M. Clemenceau) to put General Sikorski in the Presidential Chair, and it is possible that so eminent an authority on foreign affairs as Lord Vansittart would agree with my selection. But I suppose that is too wild a hope. In all fairness, however (seeing that this is to be a world settlement), the first claim to sit in judgment over the aggressors against peace must be awarded to General Chiang Kai-Shek. He has seen all the principal cities of his native land wantonly attacked and subdued by one of the Axis Powers, and he still fights on. It was the fashion to laugh at Chinese armies and to say that they carried umbrellas to keep off the rain. Apparently they have improved, or else their umbrellas are very strong.

At the right hand of Chiang Kai-Shek when the Peace Conference takes place would be M. Stalin. At his left the Emperor of Abyssinia. These three delegates may be supposed to have suffered most severely from the depredations of the three totalitarian invaders. Chiang Kai-Shek, I gather, is a Confucian. He believes in Etiquette, Propriety, Righteousness and Integrity. He advocates (I know you would prefer me to say) *li, yi, lien and chi*. This alone makes him the most suitable President. No doubt he will be sweetly reasonable and demand no more from Tokyo in the way of indemnities than Mr. Anthony Eden would be likely to demand. He will consider it to Asia's disadvantage that Japan should lose her economic place in the rising sun.

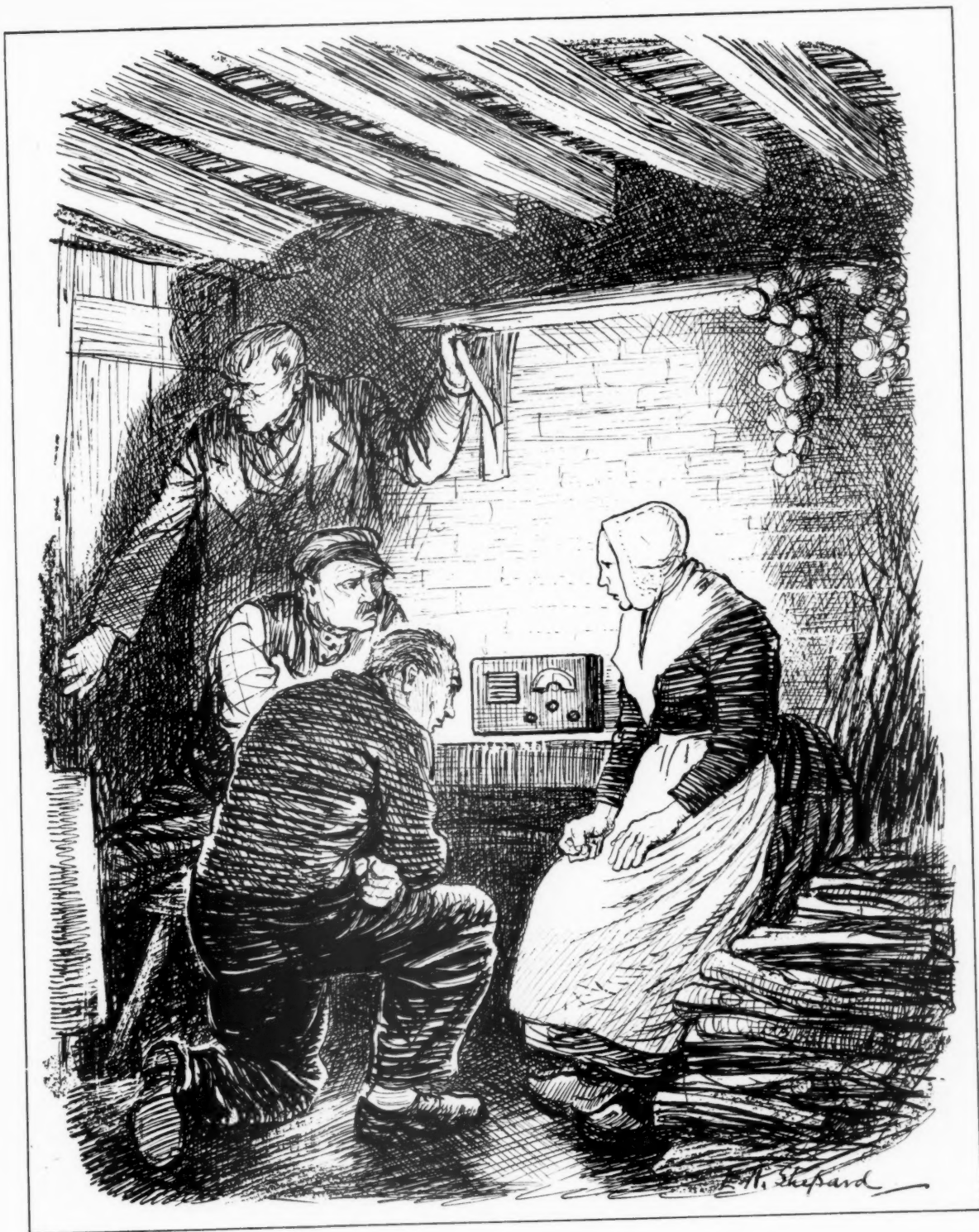
Rougher, I think, towards the humbled tyrants (in spite of the many admirable traits in his character which have been recently observed) will be M. Stalin. He may argue, not implausibly, that Germany as a mailed warrior is but little worse than Germany as a "businessfriend"; that he fears the Teutons even bringing gifts, and that every Nazi traveller has a machine-gun in his carpet-bag.

I do not know what the Negus will say. Beyond a claim to Libya and Tripoli, he may (acknowledging that it will be to Africa's disadvantage that Italy should be economically ruined after the war) be quite ready to leave any other reparations exacted from Italy to Yugoslavia and Greece. In any case there will be a good deal of trouble about the Mediterranean . . .

Sitting further along the table to right and to the left, Great Britain and the U.S.A. will from time to time whisper a few words about the Pacific and the Atlantic seaboard, while they scale down their intentions of being pretty decent to the Axis, in deference to the protests of Norway and Holland and Belgium and Egypt and Syria and Afghanistan and Tibet.

Once again there will be plenty of scope for interpreters.

EVOE.



THE SECRET HOPE



"Any'ow, Maud, 'ere we are on Babbacombe Sands like 'Itler said we wouldn't be this time last year."

Little Talks

I'VE just had a very offensive letter. Poor old Poker. From your best friend?

No. From a perfect stranger. Not even a constituent. It begins: "Dear Mr. Poker,—You have been fighting against God and your better self—Your worst self, your selfish self, has been the centre of your life for too long—"

I say, that's a bit un-Parliamentary! Does he say how?

No. But he goes on: "You have surrounded yourself with a crowd of grinning and selfish admirers who don't care a damn for you at heart. If you were down on your luck to-morrow this crowd of worldlings—"

Gracious! Who are they?

He must mean the Members of the House of Commons. Or the petty officers and seamen of the Royal Naval Auxiliary Patrol. Or perhaps the

tugmen and lightermen of London River. I can't think of anyone else who's "surrounded" me for the last two years.

Well, go on.

"—this crowd of worldlings would push you further and further into the gutter and they'd still be grinning and saying 'cheerio' as they did it."

But what's his worry? He'd be delighted, surely?

Yes. I don't think he writes in a very Christian spirit. He goes on: "Is there any reason on earth, Poker, why you don't strive to be absolutely honest, absolutely pure, absolutely unselfish, and absolutely loving?"

That's a tough job, isn't it?

I don't know. I can't imagine what he means. In fact, I've written a bit of an answer—

Let's hear it.

All right. "Sir—"

Oughtn't you to say "Dear Mr. So-and-So"? He did.

I know. He wasn't "absolutely honest." I'm striving to be.

Good. Go on.

"Sir,—In reply to your query of the 15th inst. ('Is there any reason on earth, etc.') I do not fully understand the terms you use. Do you?"

Good again.

"Let me take first 'absolutely honest.' Are you 'absolutely honest' when you begin such a letter as yours by addressing me as 'Dear' and end it by signing yourself 'yours sincerely'? A small verbal point, you may say: but 'absolutely' is a big word, indeed, an 'absolute' word, and if you do not mean 'absolutely,' don't say it."

Round One.

"Let us pass to more important matters. It is quite clear from your letter" (I haven't read it all, by the

way) "that you dislike me very much. You are well entitled to dislike me: you may be right; indeed, I frequently dislike myself very much. Further, it is quite clear that you would be delighted to see misfortune come my way. You would rejoice to see me sinking 'further and further' into the gutter (if that is possible), and to hear the grinning worldlings cry their callous 'cheerio's.' This being so—"

"If this is so—"

Right. I accept the amendment. "If this is so, were you 'absolutely honest' in writing a letter professing anxiety for my welfare and future? Was not your motive malice, your state of mind self-righteous, and your intention hostile?"

Poker's round, I think.

"Before I leave this subject," I said, "let me say that if I were 'absolutely honest' I should now put down in plain and unmistakable terms exactly what I think of you. For reasons which seem good to me, I will not do so. Life is full of such occasions. Indeed, civilized life, and Christian life, could scarcely be maintained if all were absolutely honest always. The sum of human pain and unhappiness would be greatly increased, with no corresponding advantage to God or man. Now for 'absolute unselfishness.'"

He can't be 'absolutely unselfish' or he wouldn't have given himself a treat writing such a letter.

Quite. That's the line I took. And I went on: "I don't pretend to be particularly unselfish; but I did abandon, more or less, my profession—indeed, two professions—in which I was doing pretty well for myself, in order to enter Parliament and do a job for the community. Foolish, possibly; but what have you to say to that, you nasty old snoop?"

Hey! What about "absolute love"?

Sorry. That was a touch of "absolute honesty."

It must be difficult to combine the two.

It must. And I go on: "Further, having for the second time selfishly enlisted in the ranks in a great war, I have spent most of the last two years, including two hard winters, in the small cabin of a small boat, sleeping, cooking, eating, washing—and washing-up—in close quarters with three other men. This is a severe test, as anybody knows who has spent only a week-end in a small boat, in superb summer weather, with his family or best friends. It is for my mess-mates, not for me, to say how I have survived the test. But I am confident that after two days they would have thrown you overboard: and that has not yet happened to me."

Poker's round.

"As for 'absolute love'—am I to love Hitler? If not, what do you mean by this absurd expression? If yes, do you love Hitler, Himmler and Co.? I will charitably assume that you don't. Indeed, I know how you will wriggle out of my question."

How?

He'll quote "Love your enemies." He'll say there's some good in everyone—he'll say we should make allowances for everyone—

That's more than he does for you.

True. But never mind that. That's what we tried to do for Hitler and Co. We may have been right. But I'm sure of this—that this sort of talk was one of the things that persuaded Hitler that Britain was decadent and wouldn't fight. "Absolute love," in fact, may have caused the war.

Did you tell the gentleman that?

I did.

What about "absolute purity"?

I put him a question to which I really should like an answer. "Again, what do you mean by 'absolute purity'? Do you mean 'absolute chastity'—'absolute continence'—or not? I don't know what you have done to increase the population and provide recruits for the King's forces, but I have four fine children and four grandchildren. Is that consistent with 'absolute purity'—which means, I take it, sexual innocence? I know what purity means: I don't know what 'absolute purity' means, unless it means, among other things, 'celibacy.' Are you recommending that to the young people? If not, choose your language a little more carefully. If yes, you are running contrary to the public policy of the land, to the desires of the King's Government, and the beliefs of the Established

Church. In short, it is rather a serious matter."

How will he answer that?

Honestly, I haven't the faintest notion. He may belong to some celibate sect of which one hasn't heard; or he may merely be flinging big words about in a meaningless way, as so many fools do.

Aren't you being a little hard upon the poor fish?

By no means. People seem to think that they can write libellous letters to public men, and—

Libellous?

Of course, yes. Look at it.

He marks it "Strictly personal," I see.

Of course. He would. These eggs think that by doing that they are saving themselves from a writ. They don't realize, perhaps, that their letters are opened and read by my secretary, or my wife, or both. Both are properly horrified to learn that I have been fighting against God and my better self. My secretary may give notice—my wife may love me less. Anyhow, publication to them is quite sufficient for a libel action.

Aren't you taking the egg too seriously?

Oh, no. There are far too many people about with so little to do themselves that they have time to write self-righteous letters to people who are doing a job. It's a good thing occasionally to smash a bad egg in public and warn the world.

Well, anyhow, I hope you'll take his lecture to heart.

Certainly. I shall continue to try to be comparatively honest, comparatively pure, comparatively unselfish, and comparatively loving. I don't promise that I shall succeed; but then, unlike our friend, I'm not "absolutely conceited."

A. P. H.



"It's no good saying anything, she's got an inexhaustible fund of apt proverbs."



"I want you to imagine that house is a strongly fortified German outpost. Get that 'To Let' sign idea right out of your minds . . ."

How Many Omens Make Hay?

WHEN I wrote in these pages some time ago about the Prophecy Situation I did not say anything about omens. The subject would have got out of hand if I had mentioned them: too many things can be omens. A satisfactory summing-up of the Omen Situation would, I think, be beyond anybody's power; but one could pick out one of the things and examine it. For instance I should like to know who started all this about the beans.

As far as I can understand it—and mind you I'm not sure that anybody does exactly, or is even meant to—beans are alleged to be growing upside down. Take an ordinary bean, such as may be obtained at any black market for a few pence, and subject it to an anxious scrutiny. This will not do you any good at all, for it is a peculiarity of the bean—I mean the single self-contained bean, the object shaped something like a barrage-balloon—that you can't tell which way up it grew anyway. But as I understand it, the bean in the normal pod, which hangs down, grows downwards (inside the pod). So everyone says. The discovery now is that beans are growing upwards inside the pod, and that means . . .

No, it doesn't mean. Nobody comes right out and says that. All they say is that beans adopted this significant attitude three months before the end of the Crimean War, and three months before the end of the South African War, and three months before the end of the last war. (I don't know how they remember this, but they're quite certain—I dare say it's recorded in the official war histories, under "Agriculture," or "Foolery," or plain "Beans" (no tomato sauce).) Do I have to draw the inference for you, or are you clever?

I envisage the character who sent this story speeding on its way—so far as I know at the moment of writing it is merely all over the Eastern Counties, but by the time these words are in print it will probably be calorifying conversation and weakening the war effort as far afield as Newfoundland—as a rather tall bony man with watery eyes, a suspicious look, and whiskers few, long, straight, sharp and springy, like those of barley. I am strongly tempted to make his name Jack, so that I can work off a crack about the Beans Talk, but I suppose we'd better call him Reuben.

This man has been on familiar terms with beans since his early youth, but on principle has never taken any particular notice of them except to say, at various times, that they are terrible backward, or terrible forward. (I do not suggest that this should have any influence on those of us who think beans are terrible in every possible direction.) Certainly he never in all his born days till now, I believe, noticed which way up they grew inside the pod. But it so happened recently that an acquaintance of his who is not very bright picked up a discarded bean-pod that this man Reuben had been using to mend his boots with (or something) and idly observed that the stalks inside were headed in the wrong way. This was of course because he happened to be holding it upside-down, but as I say he wasn't very bright.

Well, at the time Reuben thought nothing of it, but a day or two later he suddenly remembered, while deciding not to shave, that in the early part of August 1918 he had heard the farmer for whom he was then working say "Dang me, look at them beans!" Now Reuben isn't very bright either, and his immediate reaction as he recalled this was to go and look at some beans, even though it was twenty-three years later.

Of course he found what everybody else with the eyes of a potato had known all the time—that beans inside the pod grow upwards (as illustrated in a recent Ministry of Food advertisement). Reuben, however, was sure in his own mind that they ought to be growing downwards in a sensible manner in respectful accordance with the law of gravity, and he took this upward twist to be a sudden reversal of the habit of nature. Deep thought then convinced him that the farmer's remark in 1918, which had stuck in his head because he had never understood it and it was no use to anybody, had referred to the same circumstance.

Work it out for yourself from there. The South African War and the Crimean War—and for all I know, by this time, the Peninsular War and the War of the Spanish Succession—were added by later mouths in a spirit of enthusiasm; but the whole affair, as you see, was started by a man of limited intelligence, with whiskers like those of barley.

Talking of barley, I have a mind to start an omen. You know the whiskers of barley always used to grow inwards and back through the ear into the stalk, and out the other side? Well, now they're growing outward—I tell you I've seen them myself. They last grew outward, all countrymen agree, ten days before there was a sudden breakdown in the Scrannisworth and district (excluding Putnes) electricity supply. Need I say more? What about? R. M.

"On the other hand, Marshal Pétain tired by several days of himself, when things appeared a little more easy, that he had and that the latter would leave him alone in future. And there you are . . .!"—Daily Paper.

Anywhere in particular?



"Beethoven, Corporal!"

TO READERS OF PUNCH OVERSEAS LONDON CALLING

Wherever you may be, overseas, London calls you daily on the radio with the news from Britain—truthful, up-to-the-minute. The times and wavelengths for your own region are specially chosen, and full details of all forthcoming overseas programmes in English are transmitted from London, every Sunday morning, by special Morse Service to the British authorities nearest to you.

This information is freely available to the Press, and is supplied to local papers on request. Editors are not always aware of this English programme service, and if you cannot find the British programmes in the papers you read, they will be interested to know that you would like to see them—and how easily they can be obtained.

THEN PLEASE LISTEN—TO LONDON,
AND THE VOICE OF FREEDOM.

Things You Didn't Know Till Now

"Thirty thousand feet is a great height for aircraft. Forty thousand feet, to which it is said the Messerschmitt 109F can get, is greater."—*Sunday Paper*.

Fifty Years

To C. B. COCHRAN

FOR fifty years, with pleasures grave and gay,
You have invited all the world inside
To see the playhouse in its right array—
A thing of beauty and a place of pride.

And what a fine mixed feast you had to show—
Ibsen and Coward, Shakespeare, Shaw and all,
Ballet and boxing, Robey and Rodeo,
Cowboy and Circus!—and the Albert Hall!

Reinhardt and Hackenschmidt were one to you;
Carpentier, Bernhardt, Duse did your will;
Helen of Troy and Jessie of Revue,
Barrie and Pirandello filled a bill.

Nothing was done because it was "the thing,"
Nothing was done in avarice or haste.
Beauty was Queen, Efficiency was King,
And over all there ruled the god of Taste.

How much you spent on that Young Lady's shoe
Was not a worry—if the shoe was right:
How much you made—or lost—you hardly knew
If only London loved it on "the night."

Alas, how little can the actor keep
Of all the joy he lavishly distils!
Some faded programmes in the scrap-book sleep—
A few old photographs—and many bills.

"Who was the man in that delightful play?"
"Who was the girl who took the leading part?"
Well, never mind. For she has had her day,
And lives in lodgings with a broken heart.

To men like you we pay no living wage,
And all their work is swept away like snow.
Yet you have left your footprints on the stage:
The world is richer for the "Cochran Show."

A. P. H.



"I've just had a most barrowing experience."

The Imported Silk Stockings

"I AM not," said my sister, after we had exchanged greetings and the usual news of friends, bombs, blitzes and the like, "a difficult woman, but I am capable of being exasperated."

I judged this to be the kind of remark to which a brother does not reply.

"When Phyllis Beale went to Canada I felt the least she could do would be to send me some silk stockings. But you know what she is."

"Didn't she?" I asked cautiously.

"If the story was as simple as that!"

My sister sighed. "I certainly got a parcel on which the Customs Certificate mentioned one pair of silk stockings, but there were none inside."

"But surely——"

"Oh, yes, there were other things. Woolens for the children and an entirely useless negligé for me, and over all a thin film of butter which must, I think, have started out in its own container. The first stocking arrived separately by letter mail three days later, with a note from Phyllis that she had left them out of the parcel."

"One stocking does not make a summer," I murmured irrelevantly.

"It can go a long way to spoiling it," my sister snapped, "particularly as that was followed by a letter from the Customs people saying that they had intercepted a letter to me containing a stocking and that as the circumstances indicated that an attempt was being made to avoid the payment of import duties it was proposed to confiscate the article in question."

"Ridiculous!" I said. "Why——"

"Just what I said to Robert." (Robert is my brother-in-law.) "I told him that when he had finished laughing

he could sit right down and explain that I had already paid duty on two non-existent stockings and that I wanted this one to make a pair."

"And did he?"

"Of course, in the end. It took all one Sunday morning, but I told him that if he missed his golf it was entirely his own fault. He could have told his secretary to write it during the week."

"But——"

"I know all the 'buts'—that is, I doubt if even you can think of any that Robert overlooked. Of course his secretary had to take over the correspondence in the end."

"Correspondence?"

"You don't think one letter settled it, do you? It took at least three letters to convey to them that I already had one stocking out of the pair. And then Robert made his appalling blunder."

"Oh, dear. And that was——?"

"They asked for the envelope in which the first stocking had arrived and I told Robert that it must be somewhere. If he hadn't sent them an envelope with an Australian stamp on it, I think I should have got the stocking at once."

"Australian stamp? I don't understand."

"We had had a letter about the same time from Penelope, who evacuated herself to New South Wales, and Robert, like the idiot he is, thought that was the envelope from Canada. Of course they noticed it. The policeman pointed it out."

"The police?"

"Oh, yes. By this time they seemed to be quite convinced that we were

doing this in a big way—they probably thought they had unearthed a big stocking-import gang. He was very nice, for an Inspector, and quite young. But he didn't arrest us. He only took away the first stocking."

"Bad luck. Too bad to have practically got them——"

"That's what I told Robert. He was too exasperating. He said, Does it really matter that much about a pair of silk stockings? I told him if he had seen some of his Civil Service friends at the golf club instead of brooding about the house all Sunday morning it would have been more to the point."

"And did he?"

"Naturally. He finally saw the Chief Collector or Inspector or something. He said he wasted three days over it, which just shows how hopeless men are at organization, doesn't it?"

"Of course," I said vaguely. "And did that do any good?"

"They said I ought to go to Liverpool and see them there. Then I might get my stockings back."

"Why Liverpool?"

"That's what I asked Robert. I said he was lucky he didn't have to go to Penzance or Inverness or somewhere like that. But he was getting ridiculously touchy over the whole business."

"But tell me. Did you get the stockings in the end?"

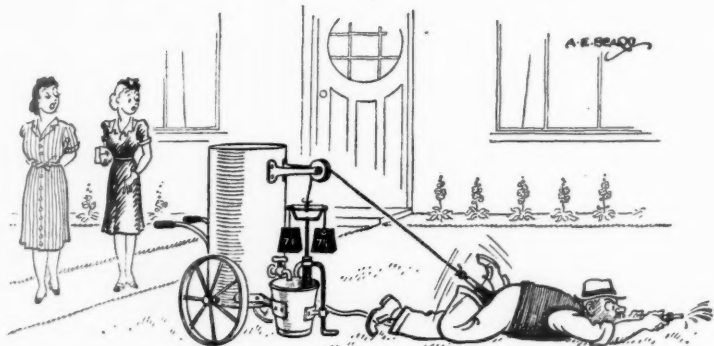
"My dear. That was the complete tragedy. Robert went to Liverpool and he said the hotels were full and he had the utmost difficulty in getting a bed and even then it wasn't aired—you know how silly he is over that kind of thing. And then nobody knew anything about it and he took practically days in locating the exact department—one gathered they'd removed to Wigan or Huddersfield or somewhere, but he was practically incoherent over it all. And finally he filled in all sorts of forms and got his signature witnessed by a Notary Public or a Commissioner for Oaths or something, and finally he got the stockings."

"I'm so glad. Perhaps it was worth it in the end."

"It's difficult to say. The trouble was that Phyllis had made some appalling blunder or something and I hadn't noticed it. They weren't silk at all. Nylon I think they called it. It was too shattering, really, wasn't it?"

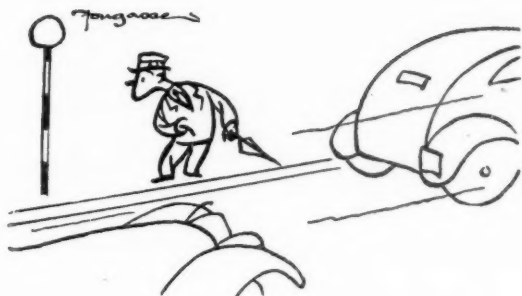
She paused.

"Still, I have saved a couple of margarine coupons, I suppose."

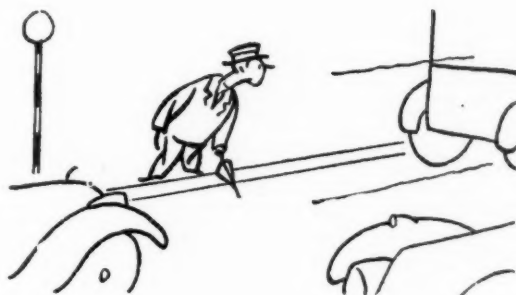


"Oh, some crazy idea for a one-man stirrup-pump."

ANOTHER CHANGED FACE



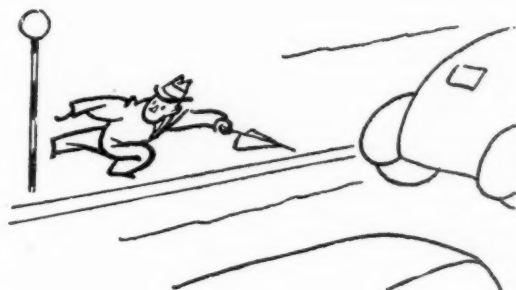
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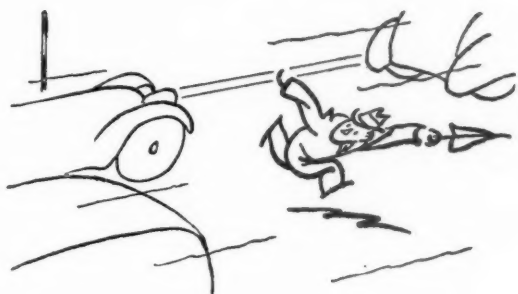
the road



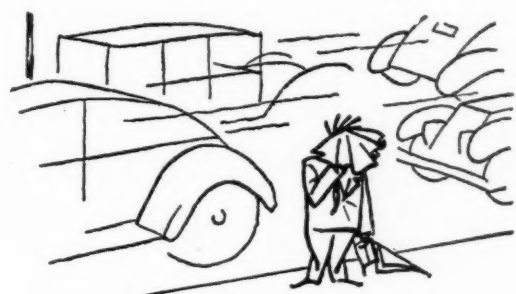
used



to be



quite a



business.



Nowadays it's really almost



too easy.



"Us reckons un'll be biggest 'ereabouts come the end of this 'ere war."

Bond

DO you endure the chain, my brother?
 So do I.
 Thus we are bound to one another,
 You and I:
 Ours to keep courage through subjection,
 Keeping faith's password for protection,
 Biding the hour for resurrection
 By and by . . .

Are you bent down with shame and sorrow?
 So am I.
 Yet the heart beats for God's good morrow;
 So say I.

Let not the soul's brave hope be broken;
 Hate's hidden words burn best unspoken,
 Feeding the flame, till Belial's token
 Fouls no sky.

Still, down the years' long store of reckoning,
 Heaped up high,
 Are you awake for Fortune's beckoning
 Battle-cry?
 Gathering shafts which deft hands feather?
 Passing the word to watch the weather? . . .
 So! In the morning we strike together!
 Eye for eye!



ROUGH LUCK ON THE BOY

Master Johnny Bull. "I say, can't you hurry up and hit the thing? It makes it jolly uncomfortable for me!"

[*"Coal output in the last three months has not reached the target aimed at."*—SIR ANDREW DUNCAN.]



WITH THE EIGHT O'CLOCK NEWS!

"**E**NEMY activity over this country last night was ——. Damage was done to a town in — of England. There were a number of houses destroyed. Civilian casualties were —."

For each and every occasion we try to be prepared to supply the needs of those new victims of enemy aggression; some lose all they possess and need all we are able to give them, and in the meantime hospitals and the fighting forces are eager for the support the PUNCH HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND brings to them.

Will you please help to supply the most urgent needs? If you have helped us with contributions before will you please help us again? If this is your first introduction to the Fund will you please become a subscriber? Donations will be gratefully acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, August 5th.—House of Lords: Pharmacy and Medicines Bill, Second Reading; Marriages (Provisional Orders) Bill, Third Reading; India and Burmah (Postponement of Elections) Bill, Second Reading; and so on.

House of Commons: A Discussion on Coal.

Wednesday, August 6th.—House of Commons: A Debate on the War.

Thursday, August 7th.—Good-bye—well, *au revoir*—to All That.

Tuesday, August 5th.—How long is shortly? When is soon? These Lewis Carrollian queries occurred to your scribe during to-day's prodigiously dull Question-time, and they were prompted by posers put to Ministers.

The Third Estate was considerably agitated by the problems, but no satisfactory answer was received to either.

Most uncharacteristically, Captain DAVID MARGESSON, the War Minister, blandly (and quite unblushingly) dodged the first. Colonel ARTHUR EVANS set the problem: As his predecessor had stated *more than a year ago* that a report on the retention of temporary Army rank on retirement was *shortly* to be published, when was

he going to do something about it? etc., etc.

Captain MARGESSON clearly did not like the look of this cold steel, and the Colonel prepared to twist the bayonet in the wound. But, turning on his most winning smile (which is saying a bibful, as they have it in Another Place), the Minister announced that officers were to be entitled on retirement to keep their highest rank, provided they had held it for six months.

The Colonel abandoned his etymological quest. After all, what were words when deeds were on offer?

But no sooner had he sunk back with a sigh of content on to his seat than Captain CROOKSHANK of the Treasury announced that a report on the combing out from the Civil Service of eligible men for the Army would be published "as soon as possible." For a moment it looked as if the hunt was up again, but Captain C. assumed his most inscrutable expression (something very, very enigmatic), ignored the inevitable "When's that?" and this Question-of-the-Moment also went unanswered.

And so, in the welter of unspeakably dull answers to questions that (frankly) deserved no better, these two *really* important problems were left unsolved. *C'est la guerre!*

By the way, why are the men with the best voices and Parliamentary manners always made Whips—holders of those offices being, by age-long tradition, condemned to almost perpetual silence? MARGESSON himself—surely the owner of the most mellifluous (not to say melliferous) voice in the House—was for half a generation a Strong Silent Man.

There is another whose voice ought to be heard a lot more (he shares both adjectives with his former chief) but whose job gags him: Major TOMMY DUGDALE, Deputy Chief Whip. Breaking his bonds, he replied to-day for some absent Minister and set the whole House wondering why a voice so pleasing, an enunciation so clear, is wasted on the desert air of the Lobbies.

Four wounded R.A.F. men in hospital blue listened in the Gallery. With a fine sense of the fitting, the authorities put them in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery.

The Official Reporters got out their water-cooled fountain-pens for a break-neck, helter-skelter race with Mr. DAI GRENFELL, Mines Secretary, who explained, at several thousand words a minute, just why there was no coal (or not much) and just why there could be no hope (or not much) of any more, unless somebody did something about it.

The debate, which went on for untold hours, consisted of suggestions from Back-Benchers as to *who* should do something about it. There was a curious unanimity of view that the Government should do the something; no unanimity at all on what the something should be.



LESLIE IN DISGRACE

The boy who believed that HITLER was fighting on only one front.

Sir ANDREW DUNCAN, President of the Board of Trade, who has a way with him, did his best to put a few dashes of sunshine into the almost entirely black picture Mr. GRENFELL had drawn—perhaps appropriately, considering the subject—but most Members went from the Chamber blowing their hands in gloomy anticipation of nippy times to come. Mr. GRENFELL, who had spent the day in fasting, if not in lamentation, hurried out for a meal.

Your scribe enshrines in Mr. Punch's immortal pages the comment of a Parliamentary policeman on the day's debate: "That coal produced a lot of gas!"

Which, all things considered, is the perfect summing-up of a singularly unenlightening discussion.

Wednesday, August 6th.—*Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark was never a very exciting performance. And when the absent Prince is WINSTON CHURCHILL, and the understudy CLEMENT ATTLEE, the regret is bound to be heightened.

Winston Hamlet was absent on special duties—just *how* special none



"In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, I am the very model of a modern Major-General."

"The Pirates of Penzance."

"As a major-general I would vote for the release of miners from the Services."

SIR ALFRED KNOX.



"One of ours, I think."

then knew—and Mr. ATTLEE spoke his piece in the professorial tone he affects.

It was quite a cheery piece, too, telling of the quiet little successes we are having in the Battle of the Atlantic, how we are smashing down the *Luftwaffe*, and how we are winning in the all-important field of morale.

The House was, in fact, in positively merry mood (having had a brief secret session before Mr. ATTLEE's speech) and the Lord Privy Seal lugubriously warned his fellow-Members against undue cheerfulness. The invasion of Britain, although postponed, was not abandoned, said he, and there were plenty of bombs to come.

Russia was fighting splendidly, and the Germans were complaining that the Russians were not playing the game—they were putting up a fight such as no one had expected. We were knocking the daylight—and the night-light—out of Germany and German-occupied territories, raining a great weight of bombs down ceaselessly. We had, in recent operations, lost 265 aircraft, and the Germans 400.

German claims to have sunk 140,000

tons of our shipping were exaggerated 350 to 700 per cent.—but we *had* put down 459,000 tons of theirs. Plunging into a daringly-original phrase, Mr. ATTLEE added that we were "taking ever-increasing toll" of U-boats.

The debate which followed was not over-exciting. Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHBY sent a pleasant breeze of nautical frankness through the House, expressing the hope that "Yes, Mr. CHURCHILL" would not become the Hollywood-like cry in this country. It was the function of Parliament, he pointed out, to parley—and that meant saying "No!" as well as "Yes!" It also meant saying what one thought as well as what one *ought* to think.

Just to balance things, the gallant Baronet ended by saying that the Government was doing fine, and that it was the best Government we had just now, anyhow.

Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, who in some indefinable way grows in Parliamentary authority (and eloquence) every day, wound up the debate with a swift review of the diplomatic situation into which he wove a directly-worded

warning to Japan to keep out of Thailand, and another to all concerned to keep out of everywhere that threatened Britain's interests.

Thursday, August 7th.—A "hols." atmosphere to-day. Even our legislators like to get away from their form-rooms sometimes, though for most it is only to more intensive homework. There is to be a recess, but provision was made for swift recall, if need be.

Our meeting-place echoes no more to the clatter of debate. There is about it a silence none the less impressive because it may be shattered at any moment by a speech from Mars.

"Industrialist," in reference to his letter on lost war work hours, which appeared in The Daily — on Tuesday, points out that he employed the phrase '800 light lathes or 300 heavy lathes.' This was made to appear as '800 light lathes and 300 heavy lathes,' which, of course, conveyed an impression which the writer did not intend."

Daily Paper.

Still, it *sounds* better.

The Cap

"HOW," I inquired of Corporal Cussing casually, "do I get a new hat?"

Corporal Cussing looked grieved.

"You do not wear a hat in the Army," he said, "as you ought to know very well after all these months. You wear either a helmet, steel, or a cap, F.S. Which is bothering you at the moment?"

"My helmet, steel," I said frankly, "always bothers me, but I do not want a new helmet, steel. I want a new cap, F.S. It has been looking quite shabby for a long time, and yesterday I was in the cookhouse and peering into a boiler of porridge waiting for a bit of wood to come to the surface for the third time so that I could scoop it out, when my cap, F.S., fell from my head and sank down into the porridge. Salvage operations were unsuccessful, and my cap was eventually served to Sapper Sympson with his portion of porridge. I have cleaned it as best I could, but with the Brigadier coming on Saturday I really think I ought to have a new one."

"I happen to know," said Corporal Cussing dubiously, "that at the present moment the Q.M.S. has very few caps, F.S., in stock. What size do you take?"

"Seven," I said.

"The same as myself," said Corporal Cussing. "Really brainy people always wear sevens. Anything smaller means that there is hardly enough room for a complete brain, and anything larger means that the wearer is suffering from swelled head. I do not expect that the Q.M.S. has more than a couple of sevens left, and he will be loth to part with them. That cap, F.S., of yours, regarded objectively and in cold blood, certainly needs renewing, but the Q.M.S. will not look at it objectively and in cold blood. If you want to get a new one you must make it look much worse."

I regarded the thing critically. Only a man blessed with an extremely vivid imagination could have visualised anything more disreputable than my cap, F.S.

"It seems to have almost every sort of stain on it," I said, "candle-grease, porridge, ink, metal-polish, even beer."

Corporal Cussing laughed rather sneeringly.

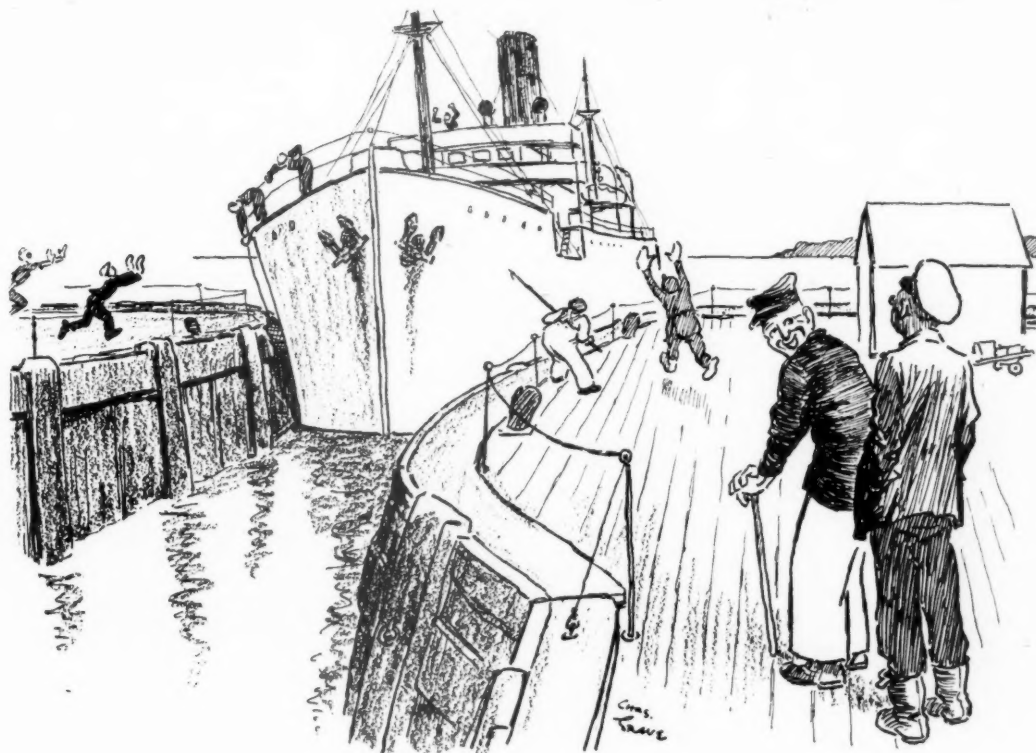
"Your idea of stains," he said, "are still painfully civilian. The Q.M.S. would simply ask you what you thought was wrong with it. For one thing, there is no tar."

He was right. Though most of my Army clothes seem to attract tar with ease, this miserable cap, F.S., was completely free of it. I felt that Corporal Cussing was right. What the cap really needed was just a dash of tar. A mere soupçon would do, but tar there must be.

"They were tarring the road about a mile down towards Castledover," said Corporal Cussing. "Of course, as an N.C.O. I could not dream of egging you on to ruin a piece of Government property, but a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse."

A couple of hours later I carried my cap, F.S., into the Q.M. Stores. Nobody now could say that there was not enough tar on it. If anything, I had overdone it.

"Cap, F.S., size 7?" repeated the Q.M.S. irritably. "Sorry. I gave the last one to Corporal Cussing half an hour ago. And that cap of yours isn't really bad. It just needs a bit of brushing."



"That be the biggest ship yet as hasn't got into this harbour."

Morale

FROM the moment Mudgebury settled in our neighbourhood he was believed to be something pretty big in Whitehall; in some way or other, it was understood, he was concerned with national morale; it was even whispered that he was actually the man who invented the name "Local Defence Volunteers" for the Home Guard, and naturally he was regarded with a good deal of awe. Later I ran into him myself.

"No, I'm not exactly in Whitehall," he said. "I go round giving lectures—for the Ministry, of course."

"The idea being to keep up morale?" I prompted. Mudgebury winced slightly.

"I used to put it that way myself," he said. "But some months ago I changed my mind somewhat." He peered at me sharply, and seeing, I must suppose, that in my countenance which encouraged confidence, proceeded: "The war, needless to say, hits us all in one way or another, but I must admit that I was a little startled to receive an invitation to address a large girls' boarding-school. But the blitz was still on, and I felt that I ought to do what I could to give the girls inspiration and courage."

"My cousin Charles, whom I consulted, and who is a trifle vulgar, said that he agreed, and that it would be an all-embracing opportunity. Eventually I sent an acceptance, suggesting a few subjects for the headmistress to choose from. She selected 'Realities of War,' which gave me, of course, just the opening I wanted. As a matter of fact I always deliver the same lecture, varying the title slightly to suit my audiences. At Staff College courses I call it 'The Strategy of Tank Warfare,' and at Women's Institutes 'Tails up in the Queue.' Anyhow, there is a moving passage in it about British women learning from their men-folk to keep a cool head under fire, and I felt sure that this would be much appreciated in a girls' school. I even had an idea that, if I got a chance at tea before the lecture, I would give them extra value, so to speak, by telling my anecdote about how I should have rescued the Vicar's wife in the air-raid, if she hadn't been away for the week-end. As it turned out, however, I didn't get a chance."

"There were several assistant mistresses there, but though it seemed to me a golden opportunity for putting heart into them by manly stories of endurance in the face of danger, they

unfortunately did most of the talking themselves.

"There was a frail creature in pince-nez at the other end of the table who would keep talking about how her rope had broken during an ascent of the Matterhorn. And the games mistress kept on describing—in almost unnecessary detail, I considered—how she had broken a Major's ankle in a hockey match. The lecture itself went off well, I thought. Some of the girls seemed to have nasty coughs, but they applauded very loudly at the beginning and they were obviously impressed by the bit about keeping cool in danger. I kept catching the eye of a girl in the second row who was sucking something unusually glutinous, and this embarrassed me a little, particularly when I came to the passage about getting our teeth into the job and sticking to it. But on the whole, as I say, the thing went well, and with all due modesty I felt that the hall full of fragile and highly-strung females must have been heartened for the struggle ahead of them. There was coffee in the headmistress's drawing-room afterwards, and another selection of mistresses, who talked mainly, as far as I remember, about all-in wrestling and the petrol consumption of the latest Fighters."

"When the party broke up at bedtime, the headmistress explained that they paid no attention to sirens in the neighbouring villages, which were on a different circuit, but that if the Alert was sounded in their own home town the school would assemble in the Main Hall, and that I of course could please myself. Obviously, I thought, if there should be a raid she would like me to go down and set the poor girls an example of cool nonchalance."

"Just as I was dropping off to sleep, four ear-splitting sirens went off simultaneously. I acted swiftly and decisively. Although I knocked over the bed-table and the electric lamp, and had to grope a good deal in the darkness, I had found and put on my socks before I realized that in all the huge building about me there was not a sound of movement of any kind. Somewhat puzzled, I returned to bed, keeping my socks on as a precaution."

"Gradually I dozed off, and I think I must have been asleep when there was a shattering explosion immediately outside my window. The building rocked madly, my bed swayed like a hammock and the photograph of a hockey team fell off the wall over the

washstand. Instinctively I buried my head beneath the bed-clothes, then, recollecting myself, I leapt out of bed, and fell headlong over the bed-table."

"There was no time now to collect the ruins of the electric lamp. I dressed as quickly as I could in the dark, and with more attention to detail than I should have allowed myself in other circumstances. It was only as I knotted my tie that it struck me that once again, in the whole of the vast building about me, there was not a sound of movement to be heard. Much puzzled, I lay down again on my bed and eventually, without troubling to undress, fell into an uneasy slumber."

"At breakfast next morning the headmistress seemed preoccupied and, after a genial but cursory good-morning, spent most of the meal in conversation with a lady whose name I did not catch. If I understood them correctly, they were discussing arrangements for a course of instruction in bomb-throwing for the elder girls. Afterwards, as she was bidding me farewell, the headmistress said that she was glad that on the occasion of my visit they should have had such a particularly quiet night, adding that the housekeeper, who had been kept awake by toothache, had told her that a thousand-pounder had exploded soon after midnight, but that personally she hadn't heard anything."

"It was when I got home that I wrote a memorandum for the Ministry, suggesting that it is sometimes possible to be over-anxious about the morale of non-combatants. I cannot be certain of course whether it has ever been read."

Bull's-Eyes

FAR be it from Mrs. Barry to attempt to hide her satisfaction in the fact that the small but select hotel near by now finds it so very difficult to supply high-class sweets that its frustrated clients are being forced in increasing numbers in the direction of her own little shop. There they do what is described as falling back on boiled sweets; for, in Kirikey, as in so many other places in Eire, the humble bull's-eye has come into its own.

"The Visitors used to go by me very door, an' they forever chawin', chawin'," Mrs. Barry says now, "an' they'd make no delay at me winda only to put some mock upon the glass jars; an' they wouldn't buy what'd blind your eye after. But now they have me atchilly wore out scrawbin'

up them bull's-eyes be the quarter of a pound or even more."

For years Mrs. Barry sold her sweets by number rather than by weight—so many for a halfpenny, so many more for a penny, and so on; and even if this method involved a good deal of what she calls "scrawbin' up," none of her young customers objected to that. Not until the Visitors fell back on them did she need to bother about weights, though as she is never asked by the Quality for less than a quarter of a pound there has been no need to disturb the two-ounce weight long used to prop one side of the scales on the slanting counter. While the demand was small, Mrs. Barry often regretted her unusually large order for bull's-eyes. "He kem in here," she said of the traveller who during the spring of the year persuaded her to lay in a comparatively big supply of the striped sweets with the slightly peppermint flavour, "an' he med such a noration about them dyin' out entirely before too long that I med the plunge."

This plunge she regretted at first; especially when it became evident that the children of Kirikee preferred—literally—to stick to lollipops, those slabs of sweetness that begin life, at any rate, at the end of short lengths of stick.

"The childher that's goin' now," she says of this, to her, inexplicable taste, "must have a handle on a sweet, seemin'ly, an' then they'll hold it up to their puss the very same as Mrs. Grace puts up them things she calls her lorganets before her two eyes an' peers out at you. Nothin' 'll do them now only them lollipops, although it gev me me bare besht to acclimatise them into the idee at the first goin' off."

And while this was the truth it was not the whole truth, the fact of the matter being that the traveller had found it very hard to persuade Mrs. Barry herself to include lollipops among her normal stock of confectionery. For with her usual sceptic distrust of all innovations she had looked at them and said cautiously, "It'd take very few to make up a dozen." But he had persuaded her, and then, thanks to their popularity, the bull's-eyes (again quite literally) were left on Mrs. Barry's hands. Until, with the shortage of sweets in the hotel, the once despised bull's-eye came into its own. As someone has said, "When all fruits fail, welcome haws"; and though Mrs. Barry puts it differently, she means exactly the same thing. "As long as the choggolade held out above in the hotel," she says, "the Visitors had some sort of an animosity agen them, an' not as much as a single person would accumulate in

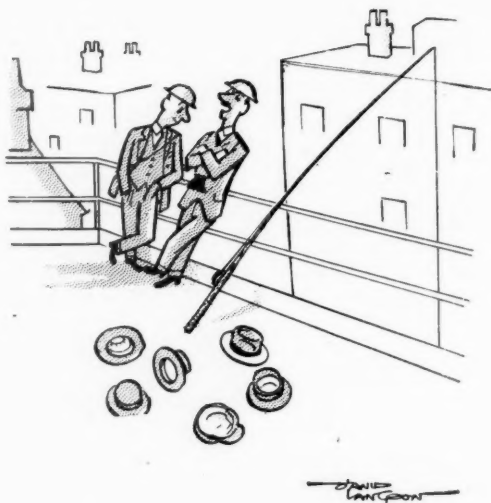
me little shop; but now they see they must turn wid the tide, an' the whole cry is for more bull's-eyes."

Mrs. Barry has always expressed wonder at the sight of passing visitors who, or so she insists, are everlastingly handing boxes or bags of sweets from one to the other. "I could live out me life up agen them," she says of the contents of those containers, "an' I'd never ax to meddle wid them, for I have a double row of them imitation teeth in me mouth, an' annything shticky is able to dhrag them out of me head. An' more nor half of the Visitors has the same, what's more, for me sister's young one is bringin' up

hot wather to the rooms since ever the hotel shtarted, an' she says you wouldn't be the betther of seein' all them tumblers beside the beds an' the teeth grinnin' up out of the wather. She's got a kind of usened to it now, she says, but it was able to put the heart across in her at first."

Impressed by the present demand for bull's-eyes Mrs. Barry has raised the price, and without waiting for the traveller's autumn visit she has, with infinite labour, written an order for a fresh supply. To this she added a would-be-explanatory footnote: "The Visitors go mad for them," she wrote, "imitation teeth an' all." D. M. L.





"I don't think you can mention a place where I haven't fished—it's a craze of mine."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

The Man of Action

EDWARD TRELAWNY lived before the days when adventures were undertaken for copy. But this inveterate sailor, lover, and fighter, who captured a pirate town single-handed, despised doctors and survived desperate wounds, married a sheikh's daughter, fought in the Greek War of Independence, was nearly drowned in the Niagara Falls, cremated SHELLEY and saved his heart, would be a gift even to the humblest of journalists. His is a story which would hardly be out of place in *Everybody's*. ("Deserted from Navy, Captain at Sixteen, he Freed Slaves, Burnt a Poet.") It must be added at once that Miss MARGARET ARMSTRONG, the author of *Trelawny* (ROBERT HALE, 15/-), is by no means a humble journalist. She is a very competent biographer and deserves great credit for her direct and straightforward manner of presenting TRELAWNY's life; his own comment on it, in a letter to MARY SHELLEY, remaining the best: "Dear Mary, I love women, and you know it; but my life is not dedicated to them; it is to men I write, and I predict it will be popular with sailors." *The Adventures of a Younger Son* is not much read, and the story is well worth re-telling. Miss ARMSTRONG, like other modern romantic historians, seems to treat all her sources alike as crystal fountains. TRELAWNY's own account is as far above suspicion as *Burke's Landed Gentry*; MAUROIS, SIDNEY COLVIN and Lady BLESSINGTON, all equally accurate. The result of this, as in most of the sharp biographical encounters with the Romantics, is that BYRON gets much the worst of it, and is hardly allowed to be even a good shot or a good writer; but BYRON can take it. A more serious criticism is that Miss ARMSTRONG doesn't make clear the nature of TRELAWNY's fascination for the literary circle at Pisa. He was, in fact, the hero of countless poems and three-volume novels of the period. He was the Corsair, he was

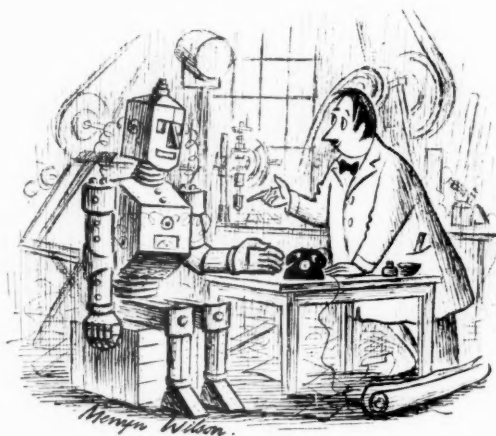
Manfred, he was one of the spirits of fire that brood not long. He was a character in search of an author, who landed in Italy and found half a dozen; a contrast which became odder still when BYRON and SHELLEY died and TRELAWNY lived on to a ripe old age as a literary man.

Hot Water

Over and under and nearly all round the waters of the Mediterranean, rousing events enough to supply troubadours and writers of best-sellers for a thousand years to come have been the stuff of everyday life since the unhappy Italians were led to a banquet of bones by their head scavenger. Of a myriad potential stories of human endurance Lord STRABOLGI has been able, in *From Gibraltar to Suez* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6), to realize hardly more than a mass outline, yet always there is in his pages an overpowering impression of the detail to be revealed were it possible to get close up to all those individual paladins who fly the planes, man the cruisers or, swearing at heat and sand, storm the bastions of the desert, thirsty and unaware of fame. The author surveys the operations as a whole, generally praising, sometimes finding fault or suspending judgment, realizing even as he writes that every next turn of the wheel is leaving him already far behind. He is often compelled to suppress details he knows or can guess, but he brings into focus much that had been half lost or not generally realized. In complaining of our Intelligence Service he forgets perhaps how much we boasted before the world after 1918, suffering to-day in consequence; but though he is himself a sailor, his findings as between the three fighting arms are always wholly fair. He includes many good photographs, but a natural desire for more maps he leaves unsatisfied.

North-West Frontier—American Style

To those who have not outgrown their taste for tomahawks, but can take their FENIMORE COOPER in the well-documented guise of an historical novel, *Wolves Against the Moon* (DAVIES, 10/6) offers an only too exciting picture of American north-west frontier history. There are, as Miss JULIA COOLEY soundly insists, three periods of this:



"Now ring up the Director of Inventions and fix an appointment."

the gallant French era, the American ploughshare period and the hustling commercial age. Her hero, *Joseph Bailly*, adapts himself to all these. He flouts his noble kin to become a trapper; marries a half-Indian bride; brings up five daughters (one not his own) in improvised homes; and lives to see grandsons do deputy for two lost sons and take his wife to Paris. All this takes place between 1794 and 1835, with a background (which at many—perhaps too many—times is liable to become a foreground) of Indian massacres, burnings, rapings, poisonings, scalplings and witchcraft. There are as grisly and yet more impressive passages in the novel—the cholera epidemic in Detroit, for example; but the handling of both is a trifle immature, and the cast have the thriller's disability of existing for situations rather than creating them.

Fisherman's Glory

MR. LEO WALMSLEY, who has written of the life of East Coast fisherfolk in time of peace with so much knowledge and sympathy, has now visited many minesweeping bases and fishing ports, also on the East Coast, in order to gain a first-hand view of what fishermen are doing and suffering in days of war. His itinerary has proved to him what he appears to have been very unwilling to believe, namely, that the Nazi is every bit as black as he is painted in his methods of sea warfare; and also—to quote his own words—"to what heights of bravery and fortitude and self-sacrifice and kindness men can rise" when confronted with such opponents. The evidence which has led him to both these conclusions is set down simply and convincingly in *Fishermen at War* (COLLINS, 10/6), where the doings of minesweeper, trawlerman, lifeboatman, and lightship man are recorded mainly from the lips of principal actors in them. Most of Mr. WALMSLEY's narratives are tragic, few humorous, all heroic; from among them may be quoted one which is both brief and typical, that of the donkeyman of a tramp steamer, who, as soon as he had got the sea water out of his mouth, complained (with appropriate adjectival trimmings) that he had been donkeyman in the blushin' ship fifteen years, and the blighters had had to blow him out of her with a mine!

Under the Stars and Stripes

There is something refreshing about Mr. C. S. FORESTER's new novel, *The Captain from Connecticut* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 8/6), although its theme is battle and sudden death, and we might be supposed to have had enough of these. Perhaps it is that the *Captain*, like a better known countryman of his, saw his duty "a dead sure thing and went for it thar



General. "AND WHAT WERE YOU DOING, MY MAN, WHEN YOU STARTED THIS WAR?"
Tommy. "'OO SAID I STARTED THIS BLINKIN' WAR?"

F. H. Townsend, August 14th, 1918

and then," which has a calming effect, and also, though the age of explosives had begun long before the quarrel between Britain and the United States in which *Captain Peabody* fought, it was slow in developing its present horror. The *Captain*, who has a singularly nasty family, redresses the balance by marrying an enchanting wife, but soon sails away, the premonition of death in his heart, having arranged his frigate a promising engagement with that of the English captain who, shortly and surprisingly, becomes his uncle by marriage and his friend. *Peabody* is a decent soul and he moves in a world of sea-winds and sailor ways which will delight every reader who, like the present reviewer, can never have too much of ships.

This is about Cows

By Smith Minor

SOME things are funny when they hapen but not afterwards,* and some things aren't funny when they hapen but are afterwards,† but what I'm going to tell the gentel reader now wasn't funny when it hapened or afterwards, anyway that's my opinyon. But Green dosen't agree, in fact he said,

"Everything's funny afterwards."

"On, nonsense," I said.

"It's true," he said. "Whenever I think of what I did yesterday and how serious I was about it I want to shreak."

"Then why don't you?" I said.

"Becorse, young Smith," he said, "if you always did what you want to do, you wuold live a life of trouble."

"I grant that, young Green," I said.

"I want to pull the Maths Master's nose out a mile and watch it snap back."

"It wuold be heaven," said Green.

"And it wuold get you into trouble."

"But how wuold it get you into trouble," I said, "if you shreaked when you thort of what you did yesterday?"

"Becorse I always think of it in class," he said.

* Like dreams

† Like earwigs up your sleeve

"I see," I said. "But it wuold be funny afterwards."

"Listen, well-meaning child," he said. (I nearly didn't put that in, but he said it, and one's got to be fair.)

"I didn't say that a thing being funny afterwards made it worth doing, if I fell out of an aereoplane and came down smack on top of Hitler it wuold be funny afterwards, but I wuoldn't want to do it."

"What, not for England?" I said.

We went on a long time like this, but fearing to boar the reader I will come now *chez nos mouttons*, as our semi-Allies say, only stricktly speaking they weren't mouttons but a cow.

I think I've told you once, if not twice, that I've got an alotment, as a matter of fact Green's got it too, becorse now we work it together. I put in the seeds, say, and he covers them up, or he dose the digging, say, and I take out the worms. Of corse worms don't harm you, but you might harm the worms, so

"When desends the thortless spade
Into the earth where they have
played,"

or more corectly speaking are still playing, I cart them off if still whole to a spot I've rigged up for them where they have a chance of living their

rather sad lives a little longer. When what I am going to tell you hapened, we had ten kinds of vegertables that had come up and twelve that hadn't, but two that still might, wich if they did wuold make it a draw. But when I say that amoung the vegertables that had come up were 5½ rows of onyons, honestly, you will have to admit we hadn't done so badly.

There was one time when the onyons gave us a bit of a skare, becorse after growing up quite strait they began to curl over and get funny colors at their ends. We thort we'd given them too much soot, you give them soot, but no! it was the Onyon Bug, and I'll tell you what to do in case *you* ever get Bug. You get a pale of sand and mix it with parraffyn, it's quite easy, and you spread it along the rows, when, lo! the onyons go strait again. I don't mean wile you're doing it, but presently.

Well, a week ago, after they'd got strait again, I went to look at them, they being the vegertables we look at most, and got the biggest shock I think I've ever had. I found a cow looking at them, too! There is a hedge all round the alotment, and it must have smelt the onyons and got through!

For a momint I cuold do nothing but ghasp. As a matter of fact, I didn't beleive it, it seamed as unnacheral as, say, a taxycab in a drawering-room. "Ah, no!" I thort. "This is not!" But it was, as large as life, and looking larger, and what was one to do?

What I did was wrong. When I'd got over the ghasping I rushed at it from behind, thinking that best though not being sure, and making all the noises I knew. There are sixteen (not counting ordinery noises, of corse) and I made fifteen at once, I can, and the other one jest after, that always has to be done seperately. My idea was to frigten the cow off the onyons, I didn't mind what I frigtened it off on to, even the turneps, bit it payed no attension to me, jest going on standing where it was, and wisking its tail into my oncoming mouth, if you get what I mean. And the next momint the rest of me on came, and I don't remember what hapened after that for a bit,

"As all the world became unclear—
I scarce knew if I still was here."

Well, when I found out that I still



"The public EXPECT more thrills in war-time."

was,* the cow was turning its head to see what had nocked it, and its big eyes, they have big eyes, something like alive glass marbles, anyhow it looked so gentel one knew it didn't mean any harm even wile it was doing it.

Note. That is why it is so difficult to be angry with animals. Take a boy who tuists another boy's arm, you see red, but take a dog or a cat that goes off with your butter rascion, how dose it know it shuoldn't? Why, even an elefant might walk on a breckfast table and mean it kindly, I've worked out a way it cuold, though that dosen't mean it ever has. End of note.

Well, I waited till I felt a little steddier, and then I went round to the front, to put it that way, and I said to it, being fairly good at talking to animals, and they sometimes seaming to understand me,

"Look here, old woman," I said, cows being women, "please get off my onyons."

"Why?" she seamed to say.

"Becorse we want to eat them," I said.

"Well, so do I," she seamed to say.

"But you've got grass," I said.

"And you've got rice-puding and custard and hundreds of other things," she seamed to say. "All I've got is grass."

I saw what she seamed to mean, but I said,

"That may be, but what have you done even for that? Did you sew the grass? No! But I sewed these onyons, I've swotted hours over them, and anyhow you're not eating them, you're just treading on them, look what you've done, it's awful, do get off."

And then a cuerious thing hapened in my mind, I'm not sure if you'll understand it. I remembered that I wasn't growing these onyons for myself (only), but for England, and if one day I wuold have to try and shoot a man for England, I hope not, but who knows, then what a small thing it was to smack a cow for the same Cawse, and even if there was danger, that too wuold be less. So I stopped looking at its eyes, I had to, and went to the middle, and weather it was right or not I gave the cow the biggest wang I have ever given to any Lesser Creacher, as they say, even when they are larger.

And, Lo! The cow moved!

It moved over two rows of carots, four of turneps, one of parsnips, five of potatoes, and three of lettice, through six tomatos, jumped the peas, and was only stoped by the runner beans.

* Here



"It gifs three leetle short beats, und then one long big boomp."

I don't mind telling you I almost cried, and if the gentel reader thinks that silly, this will only be, I promise him or her, becorse he or she has never had an alotment of his or her own.

I don't know what wuold have hapened next if Green had not come along jest then, he had heard my sixteen noises.

"My Giddy Aunt," he said.

"Yes, look," I said.

"I am looking," he said, "and a fat lot of good that is!"

"Well, do something," I said.

"I'm going to," he said.

"What?" I said.

"Watch and you'll see," he said, wich meant he didn't know.

But Green is one of those poeple who don't have to know, at least, not always. I have to work things out, and it may take me days, but he jest folows his instinck and sees where it takes him. This time it took him to a pale, and forgetting, or perhaps not minding, that it contained the rest of the sand and paraffyn we'd had over from the onyons (see back), he siezed it and hurled it at the cow.

Now what hapened next was one of the things Green thinks was funny afterwards, and one's got to admit one sees what he means, but when I think not only of us but of the cow, and you've got to remember that even cows have feelings, well, I didn't

think it funny then, and I still can't now. However, *you* may, and I'll do my best to make you, knowing that that is what you want.

The pale swooped up into the air, turning summersets faster than you could count them. At each summerset the sand and paraffyn sprayed down on vegetables that didn't need it, and that might for all you knew be ruined by it after all your hard labor. The last spray came down woosh on the cow's head, the pale itself landing on one of its horns and hanging there like a hat on a wrack.

Then, the real fireworks began. I think the cow thort the end of the world had come and so what did it matter if the vegetables ended, too? It made a sound that I didn't know could come from cows and properly that only dose once in a cow's lifetime. It stood on its hinde legs, honestly, I'm not gassing, and then, no longer looking gentel, it began carrearng round and round the alotment, leaving thousands and thousands of hoof marks about a yard deep in what is called its Wake, and with the pale still on its horn, don't forget, making a clatter like a Jazz Band that had gone off its nut. I mean to say, when you stood and watched what was hapening, you jest couldn't beleive it!

Well, at last I cuoldn't stand it any more, and I went off my nut, and as the cow came bursting through the peas for about the forty-second time I rushed at it to save the last turnep. We came together with a wallap, and the next momint I became like one of

those problems which go, "If a fly is walking two miles an hour along the nose of a man walking four miles an hour towards the reah of a train going fifty miles an hour, how fast is the fly traveling?" You see, I was going round the cow going round the alotment.

Then, lo! The world went dark! And when it got light again, I was on top of the cow, don't ask me how, even Green cuoldn't tell you.

By this time the cow had had enoufh of the alotment, in fact, it had had all of it, and it was making for the gap in the hedge through wich it had come. I tried to stop it but cuoldn't, you see, there were no reigns, and we barged through the gap together into the middle of nine other cows. They seamed surprized.

"Well, we'll stop now, anyhow," I thort.

But, no! We kept going on, and the nine other cows went on with us. It's what is called the Heard Instinck. Green, who was pouging after us on foot, said we looked like a Cow Derby, with me the only jockie who hadn't fallen off. We went on through a gate into a road, and past some soljiers who cheared, and through another gate into a privit garden where some poeple were having tea. Then they all started running, too, and the end of it was that I fell off the cow into a fat lady's lap and we both feinted.

That was the end of it for us, at least, for when we came two the soljiers I'd past were chacing the cows

back to where they belounged, but we desided not to go and help them.

You'll remember that I told you this hapened a week ago. Well, you can guess how Green and I have been spending the week scince! Of corse, now you've had your laufh, that is, if you've had it, you may not want anything more, but in case you felt a bit sorry for us, and who knows, you may have, we want you to know that, after much swotting, i.e.:—

- (1) We think we have saved six onyons, and perhaps seven.
- (2) We know we have saved one carot.
- (3) The runner beans were saved by their sticks.
- (4) The peas weren't.
- (5) All the turneps went, but we have planted some more, we jest cuold.
- (6) We beleive the marow will live, though if so it will be a funny shape.
- (7) The parsnips, lettices and tomatos are No More.
- (8) The potatos we don't know.

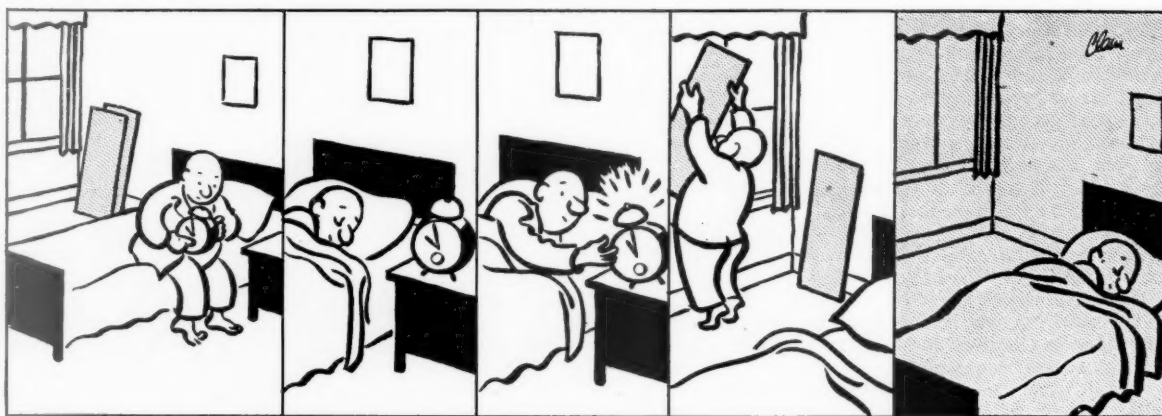
Oh, and jest one thing more. The cow and I have made it up. I went to see it the next day, I know the one, and I said,

"You didn't mean it, old thing, did you?"

"Of corse not," it seamed to say, "I jest got frigtened."

"Well, who wuoldn't?" I said.

I dare say you'll think that silly, but I thort I'd put it in.



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